little ways of being nice to the Turrialba's passengers. Postmaster Morgan knew that they would be eager for their Christmas cards and other messages of good will, so he sent a man to the pier with a big bagful of Christmas mail, and when the passengers rushed from the Seneca there was their mail all spread out for them and arranged in neat piles according to the initials of the men and women who were to receive it. There was a lot of fun in getting one's Christmas cards that way, the Turrialba's passengers told THE SUN reporter, especially when hardly twenty-four hours before they were asking themselves pretty seriously whether or not they would ever see another Christmas.

Then the customs officials saw to it that nobody was the sufferer from fussiness or too much red tape. The passengers were not relieved from the usual examination of baggage because none was sick or injured, but the inspectors worked on the jump, barely opening the suit cases and steamer trunks, and in less than an hour the pier was bare of baggage and the passengers had scattered to their homes or their hotels. Staff Officer Cassidy of the Surveyor's office had half a dozen inspectors under his direction, and each one of the inspectors hustled for all there was in him.

Company Anxious to Help.

The officials of the United Fruit Company, headed by Irving Cadmus, the general manager here, were on hand to see if the passengers needed any help, but there was very little for Mr. Cadmus and his assistants to do. None of the rescued ones had lost his money or valuables or clothes. All of the passengers were well. And their main notion was to get through the customs lines just as quickly as possible in order to have their Christmas dinner.

But hurried as they were and chock full of excitement as they were most of them found time to tell the story of the storm and stranding and of the splendid and cool headed assistance given by Capt. Johnston, Lieut. Lauriatt and the rest of the Seneca's people. There were Mrs. Max Mutzner of Riverton, N. J., and her two little daughters, Maxine, aged 3, and Dorothy, whose months are six. Mrs. Mutzner's husband, Dr. Max Mutzner, is the surgeon for the Guayaquil and Quito Railroad, and she has been with him down there for upward of two years. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Elsie of Riverton, had never seen baby Dorothy and Mrs. Mutzner and her children had come North for a fine Christmas celebration. With the grandparents hovering over the babies and old Tom, the Ecuadorean servant, looking suspiciously at any one who came too closely to his charges, Mrs. Mutzner told her story.

First Thought Was for Baby.

When the Turrialba struck at a little before 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the shock awakened Mrs. Mutzner. She heard cries of alarm. The shrieking of the wind and the groaning of the ship under the pound of giant waves frightened her terribly. She was certain then that the ship was going to pieces. She caught up Baby Dorothy, wrapped the child in its thickest and downiest coats, dressed herself warmly and prepared to take her chance. To old Tom, Dr. Mutzner's servant and a native of Ecuador, the mother handed three-year-old Maxine, telling the man to keep close to her and to save the child if he could. But Maxine wasn't a bit scared. She laughed and insisted on taking above with her a very precious doll that had withstood the ravages of the equatorial climate. And in the worst of the hours that followed, the little girl's laugh and cheerfulness made a lot of people feel better. Tom helped the mother with the two children when the passengers were transshipped yesterday morning. His faithfulness and courage so pleased Mr. Elsie, the grandfather, that before the mother was half through with her story Mr. Elsie said: "Tom, I'm going to make you a present right here." And he handed the servant a roll of bills.

Maxine and Dorothy, bundled up in their white fur coats and snug in the arms of their grandparents, attracted more attention than any of the rescued passengers. The photographers that swarmed on the pier and startled the nervous with the unexpected bangs of their flash explosions fairly fought with each other to get pictures of the children.

Quite the most self-possessed and matter of fact of all the passengers was young Mr. Herman Parker, whose home is in Ardmore, Pa., with his grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Parker of that city. With Herman, who is 11 years old, was a sharp-eyed, alert little Ecuadorian of 12 years, Senor Pedro Bazuerizo of Guayaquil and the bosom friend of Herman. Several months ago, while Herman was introducing the Yankee game of marbles to the little Spaniards of his acquaintance, he met Pedro and made up his mind that he would bring the boy back to America with him. So he got permission from his grandmother, and the plan was made for both boys to start in the preparatory school of Swarthmore College.

They made the trip in charge of Mr. Rafael Guerrero of Guayaquil, and Mr. Guerrero had his hands full keeping tab on them during the voyage north. But, as he said last evening, they were courageous little men when the storm came. Herman said constantly to Pedro: "Now everything is all right. There isn't any real danger. I'm an American who has travelled around some and I know all about these things. Just keep your nerve up and stay with me and you will be safe." What's more, Herman gave the advice to some of the grownup passengers who were badly scared (and for cause) at some stages of the storm.

As they waited for the customs men to finish with their baggage Herman said to the reporters:

"I'm going to put my friend here (pointing to Senor Pedro) through Swarthmore and make an American of him. Now, Pedro, quit worrying. I'm looking after you."

Mr. Guerrero turned away slightly to hide his smiles.

Friends Welcome Hughes.

Police Inspector Edward P. Hughes, possibly the best known in New York of the Seneca's Christmas cargo and who sent to THE SUN on Tuesday night in the midst of the storm a concise and accurate description of the stranding and the location of the steamship, was greeted warmly by a dozen friends when he walked onto the pier with Mrs. Hughes. He had been giving out news stories for so many years that he knew the good points of the story and he fairly rattled them off to something like twenty reporters who crowded round the customs "H." He made it as plain as could be that most of the passengers on Tuesday had expected the ship to founder and he told of the prayer meeting that was held in the music room on Tuesday morning when men and women prayed without embarrassment and kissed each other goodby.

"We had had a delightful cruise," said the Inspector, "and the voyage up the coast was a picnic—lots of fun in a merry crowd. I didn't sleep well on Monday night and so I was wide awake when at 3:55 o'clock on Tuesday morning I felt a jar. The ship shivered, seemed to stand still, jarred again, stood still again and finally jarred harder than ever. I guessed at once that we had grounded, so I dressed hurriedly and ran above. It was snowing heavily and there was a fierce wind from the northeast.

"At that time the sea was not so heavy, but the wind was getting wilder all the time.

"Capt. Lindesay—and I want to say right here that the captain earned the respect and admiration of all of us—reversed his engines and worked for some time to back the ship from the grip of the shoal. Toward dawn he saw that he was caught fast and so he sent the first wireless report of the accident.

People Nervous, but Sensible.

The passengers were all up and dressed and on deck by 4:30 or 5 o'clock. They were nervous and I include myself, but their behavior was sensible. They were told by Capt. Lindesay and Chief Officer W. O. Barret that there was no immediate danger, that the ship was staunch and that relief boats would soon be on the way from New York. The officers and crew of the Turrialba then and throughout the trouble was as cool and helpful as they could be. They didn't try to bamboozle anybody with foolish stories. They simply went about their work calmly and dropped reassuring words as they went.

"Breakfast was served at 6:30 o'clock, but it was rather a dismal meal. By that time the sea had become very heavy and the wind was roaring. Every time that a big wave hit the ship she heeled over to the starboard and trembled like a frightened horse. The tolling of the fog bells, the blowing of the siren and the creaking and groaning of the ship as she staggered under the blows of the sea were hardly calculated to make anybody feel cheerful. They weren't very Christmassy sounds.

Dawn Gave a Gloomy Scene.

"The list to starboard was so sharp that nobody but the officers and seamen could stagger along the companionways without falling, and the decks were impossible because the wind and snow were making a blizzard outside. Dawn gave us a gloomy scene. The waves were running so high that sometimes they were breaking clear over the after part of the ship. Every now and then the stern of the vessel would lift maybe ten feet clear of the sea and then drop with a fearful jar.

"As the morning went on we began to get more and more alarmed. At 11 A. M. Capt. Lindesay posted a bulletin informing us that the Seneca and three Merritt-Chapman tugs were on the way. We felt a little better after that, but the storm finally got so bad that it looked as if we hadn't much chance for life. By a sort of general feeling most of us met in the music room, which was the warmest room on the ship, and had prayers. Men and women simply got down on their knees and asked God to save our lives and bring us safe home. I know I prayed a good deal harder than I had ever done in my life. There was no singing of hymns and no music. We simply prayed, and then bade each other good-by. Men wept as well as women because they had the awful feeling that Christmas was a terrible time for one to lose his life.

Life Savers Arrive; Hope Revives.

"Toward noon the storm appeared to lessen some, but the swell was very heavy and the ship was being hammered deeper and deeper into the sands. At about 1 P. M., just as we got a flash of sunlight, up came the life savers from the Brigantine station, their tiny boat bobbing and dancing on the top of the great rollers. There were six of those brave fellows under Capt. Holtzkam, who had made a remarkable fight to get to us. As their motor boat approached the Turrialba on the lee side a cross wave caught it and hurled it against the steamship's plates. We thought the life savers were gone, but right there Capt. Lindesay did a smart piece of work. He dropped the lines from one of the starboard davits, the life savers hurriedly attached them and we yanked the lifeboat and its crew on board in a hurry.

"At that time we got our first sight of land. Away to the south, about nine miles, the captain said, we could make out the sea front of Atlantic City and could see the sunlight glimmer on metal roofs and domes. It heartened us a bit, but the coming of the life savers helped even more. But the pounding of the waves finally broke the rudder and propeller and crippled the engines and left us helpless. There was another prayer meeting after that and many more farewells. Some of the folks on board got to talking about the Titanic and what could happen to the strongest and biggest of ships, and that kind of talk did a lot of harm.

Women Show Courage.

"But I want to say right here that there were some mighty brave women on that ship. I won't mention Mrs. Hughes particularly, although she never lost her nerve once, but all the rest of the women were as courageous as could be. I think most of the men were, but there were some kickers who had to be babied.

"At about 7 P. M. we caught sight of the lights of the Seneca, and we felt a whole lot safer just because of the nearness of the lights of one of Uncle Sam's ships. As she came up the Seneca played her searchlight over the ocean and finally located our position. In almost no time at all she had a boat alongside, even in that roaring sea, and up the accommodation ladder scrambled a young officer who was just as cool and smiling as if he had been boarding us in New York harbor. He was Lieut. Lauriatt, the executive officer of the Seneca, and he is certainly the kind of a man you like to see around when trouble breaks.

"Almost at once he and Capt. Lindesay and Capt. Holtzkan of the life saving crew had a conference over whether or not they had better try to take us off the Turrialba and get us aboard the Seneca in that kind of a sea. Lieut. Lauriatt advised against it. He said the Turrialba was stanch enough to withstand many hours more of pounding, that the sea would very likely moderate by morning and that the accommodations on the Seneca were so limited that it would be better to wait. Capt. Lindesay put it up to the passengers as to whether or not they wanted to go aboard the Seneca at once, and the captain told us what Lieut. Lauriatt had advised. Most of us were willing to go by the Lieutenant's opinion, but there were three or four who complained that we ought to be taken off at once. We had to squelch these kickers.

Men Begin to Laugh.

"There was no sleep that night for anybody. We were too nervous. The sea got milder, but the waves kept hammering away, making the Turrialba groan and shiver at every impact. The inside of the ship though was dry and fairly comfortable. I believe there were some poker games in the smoking room and men began to laugh for the first time for several hours.

"At dawn Capt. Lindesay, Lieut. Lauriatt and Capt. Holtzkan made ready for the transshipping. Capt. Lindesay stood at the starboard gangway and directed the job. Lieut. Lauriatt had charge of the two boats from the Seneca and of the general work of transshipping and Capt. Holtzkan and his life savers helped in the ferrying. We were transferred much more easily than we expected. Six boats were used—two from the Seneca, three of the Turrialba's boats and the lifeboat. First they took off the women and children, using the accommodation ladder, and then the men were taken care of. Finally eighteen of the stewards with our stateroom and hand baggage came along.

Consider Crew Out of Danger.

"The last we saw of Captain Lindesay he was waving his hand from the head of the accommodation ladder. It seemed too bad that he and his ship's company couldn't come with us, but we were told by the Seneca's officers that they considered the captain and his men to be pretty well out of danger.

"As we left they were already at work jettisoning and lightering cargo, using the Merritt-Chapman barges. I saw hundreds of bunches of bananas thrown overboard, and I was told that they were going to sacrifice the whole cargo of 35,000 bunches. They were trying to save the coffee and other parts of the cargo.

"It took from about 6 A. M. until about 10:30 A. M. to transship the passengers, and the Seneca scooted for home as soon as the last boat was over the side. We had a fine run up the coast, although we were a bit crowded. Uncle Sam served us coffee and sandwiches at lunch, and we had the gayest party you ever saw. Capt. Johnston gave up his quarters to the ladies and the officers let the men folk use their wardroom. Now we're home and hungry and plumb full of Christmas joy. Hurrah for everything!"

Not Too Nervous to Play Poker.

And the story told by passenger after passenger agreed pretty closely with Inspector Hughes's narrative. They were unanimous in praising the officers of the Turrialba, the officers of the Seneca and the Brigantine life savers. Some like Dr. J. H. Vander Veer of 28 Eagle street, Albany, were inclined to make light of the stress and nervousness which others emphasized.

"Some of us," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "weren't too nervous to play poker on Tuesday night and poker is a bad game for a nervous man."

"Did you win?" somebody asked Dr. Vander Veer.

"Oh, you'll have to ask the other fellows," he said with a laugh.

The first passenger who landed from the Seneca when she tied up at 6:35 P. M., was Morris C. Rosenbaum, a real estate man of 124 East Twenty-third street.

"I want my Christmas dinner!" he shouted. "What I'll do to a turkey will be a shame."

His friend, George W. Witkor, who is an enthusiastic angler, tried to hook a big fish on Tuesday afternoon while the waves were runnng high. He borrowed some tackle from the ship's barber and cast over the stern.

"But all I got was wet," said Mr. Witkor.

Crazy to See a Good Show.

Thomas Hughes, an Englishman who has been with W. R. Grace & Co., at Lima, Peru, and who had never seen snow except the far away frostings of the Andes, was asking the way in a hurry to the best musical comedy in town.

"I was five years in Peru and I'm crazy to see Broadway and Forty-second street and a good show. I'm so hungry that I'll have to waste time on dinner, but I'll cut that as short as I can."

Mr. Hughes said he had spent part of his time during the storm playing poker.

"What was the use to get scared, old chap?" said Mr. Hughes merrily.

Praises Turrialba's Crew.

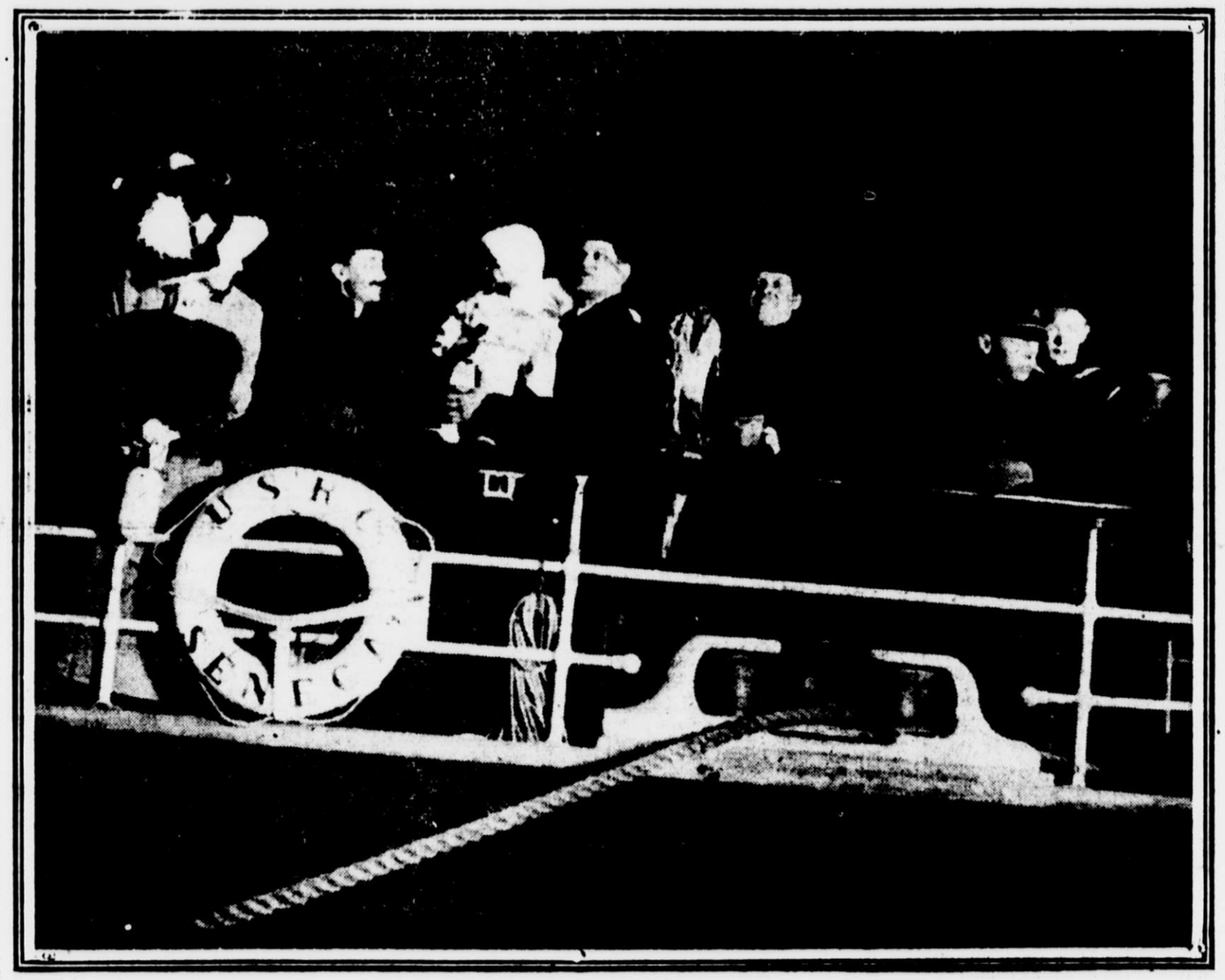
Charles H. Moore of 302 West Ninety-eighth street, a director in the national railways of Ecuador, praised warmly the conduct and discipline of the Turrialba's officers and crew.

"They are a fine lot," said Mr. Moore. "The stranding was not the fault of the captain. The storm was so severe that we were driven many miles out of our course.

Others who described their experiences and commended the officers of the Turrialba and the Seneca were James W. Martin and James B. Urquhart of this city and Edward C. Yorke of Newark.

The fifty-seven passengers and the eighteen stewards of the Turrialba did not waste much time getting away from the pier. They hustled for taxis and carriages and headed uptown for the cheerful lights and noises of Christmas night. At 7:30 P. M., only an hour from the time the Seneca docked, one would not have imagined in looking around the deserted pier that it had just held one of the most joyful Christmas parties that New York ever has seen.

PASSENGERS FROM THE STRANDED TURRIALBA LANDING



The child in arms is little Maxine Mutzner.

SENECA WASTED NO TIME.

One Boiler Out of Commission, but That Didn't Matter.

The first wireless call received by the revenue cutter Seneca, which went to the aid of the passengers of the stranded Turrialba, asked for help at 6:40 o'clock on Tuesday morning. One of the cutter's boilers was out of commission while it was being scraped and work was rushed to get it back into use again. This took a good part of the morning and finally at 11 o'clock Capt. Charles E. Johnston gave the word to weigh anchor and the Seneca steamed out of Tompkinsville for the Hook.

Down the bay the eight officers and sixty-five members of the cutter's crew saw the job that lay before the stout little vessel on her errand of mercy. Snow squalls and mists blew down so thick from the northeast that they could see nothing about them for a radius of 100 yards. All about them sounded the sirens of stormbound craft anchored and awaiting clearer weather before venturing to try for the channel or to clear the bar outward bound.

Through them all the Seneca threaded her way and crowded on all steam out past the Hook into the murk, bound for a vague destination on the Jersey coast.

"The weather was so thick," said Capt. Johnston last night, "that we couldn't see anything and it wasn't until we were well past the Highlands that we stopped blowing our own fog whistle. By the time we got to Barnegat it had come off perfectly clear and we had a blue sky.

"When we started for the Turrialba we had no definite idea of where she lay. The first report we had was that she had grounded on the south side of Barnegat. When we made her out later in the afternoon we found that she was ashore on the Brigantine Shoals on the south side of Little Egg Inlet."

In spite of the gale and the mists and snow the Seneca was pushed to her limit, averaging 12 knots on the trip to Barnegat, and sometimes making as high as 12½ knots. Constant wireless communication between the stranded steamship and the revenue cutter gave the rescuers their course and at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon the Seneca's lookout sighted the Turrialba's lights and the cutter's search ended after a run of nearly eighty miles.

Running down cautiously in the dark for the Turrialba they found that she had grounded hard on the Brigantine Shoals on the south side of Little Egg Inlet, about ten miles from Atlantic City. In her position she lay headed to the northwest.

An hour after the Turrialba was sighted the Seneca ran down within a short half mile of her and dropped anchor. Although the gale had moderated and blew from the northwest a high sea was running. Lieut. Lauriatt of the Seneca was sent away in a boat with seven men to the Turrialba and at the gangway was met by an excited and happy throng who pressed to meet the rescuers. Many of the passengers wished to be transferred at once, but after consultation with Capt. Lindesay of the Turrialba and with the captain of one of the surfboats from the Brigantine Shoals life saving station Lieut. Lauriatt assured the passengers that

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